

# VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

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BY ORSON S. MURRAY.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1842.

[PAYABLE WITHIN FOUR MONTHS.]

VOL. XV. NO. 1



## POETRY.

Selected for the Telegraph.  
THE IVY.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,  
To twine thee a flowery wreath,  
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling  
Its shade on the grass beneath?  
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem;  
Oh, dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love when leaves are greenest,  
And summer has just begun,  
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,  
Where glistening waters run,  
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,  
The willow bent down to the sparkling stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,  
When leaves are changing before thee,  
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,  
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?  
And hast thou not felt, as thou stood 'at gaze,  
The touching lesson such scenes display?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;  
And it has been thus with me;  
When the freshness of feeling & heart were mine,  
As they never more can be:  
Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot,  
Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day  
The trunk of a blighted oak,  
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay  
Beneath time's resistless stroke,  
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,  
And wreathed it with verdure no longer its own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,  
As, at thy years might do,  
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again  
That scathed wreck to view;  
But now I can draw from that mouldering tree  
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

Oh! smile not, nor think it a worthless thing,  
If it be with instruction fraught,  
That which will clothe and longest cling,  
Is alone worth a serious thought;  
Shouldst thou be unlovely which thus can shed  
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him  
Who giveth, upbidding not,  
That his light in thy heart become not dim,  
And his love be unforgotten,  
And thy God, in the darkest of days will be  
Greenness and beauty, and strength to thee.

## VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

Saturday, Sept. 17, 1842.

## EDUCATION.

### "PALMER'S MORAL INSTRUCTOR."

Thanks to friend Palmer for parts III and IV of the series of reading books which he is writing and publishing for schools. Do not recollect having seen part II. May have forgotten, however. Have only had time to turn over the volumes now before me—the one consisting of 144 pages, the other, of 288. Probably they are imperfect. But they are superior to anything else I have seen, for the work they are designed to accomplish. THOMAS H. PALMER, of Pittsford, is doing more for right education, than all the colleges and theological institutions in the world. This is no extravagant statement at all. He begins right. He begins with the heart as well as the head, and continues with the heart—the affections—while he does not neglect the intellect. The difficulty with the popular education of the times is, it is soulless. Our colleges are dens of infamy—our theological schools are the high places of spiritual wickedness. They are all heartless. Parents and guardians:—Put Thomas H. Palmer's Moral Instructor in the hands of your children, and those under your care, forth with. Below are the title pages and prefaces to the parts before me:

**PALMER'S MORAL INSTRUCTOR.—The Moral Instructor; or Culture of the Heart, Affections, and Intellect, while Learning to Read. PART III.**

This first duty, carefully to train the children in the way that they should go; Then of the family of Guilt and Pain How large a part were banish'd from below.

SOUTHEY.

By Thomas H. Palmer, Author of the Prize Essay on Education, Entitled "The Teacher's Manual."

### PREFACE.

Never, surely, was there a moment when the public mind was more fully awake than now to the importance of education. Men everywhere begin distinctly to see that it is easier to restrain vice by schools than by jails, and cheaper to endow seminaries than to support almshouses. They are also beginning to discover (how strange that the fact should ever have been overlooked!) that, in order to have good government, our governors, the people, must be enlightened; that a democracy like ours, based upon any thing but universal virtue and intelligence, must be unstable as water, uncertain as the wind.

But, although the truth of the general proposition is readily admitted, that the permanence of our free institutions depends upon the virtue and intelligence of the people, and that these can only be secured by a sound system of public instruction, yet how few are there who extend their views beyond intellectual education—who consider, that with all the boasted improvements of our public schools, we may actually have been doing little more than

training up in them a set of accomplished rogues.

When we consider how much progress has been made of late, in sharpening and improving the intellect, while so very little has even been attempted, in our public schools, towards developing and exercising the moral sense, can we wonder at the strides our community have been taking towards utter depravation of morals? that every mail should bring new instances of breach of faith among all classes of our citizens? Is not a want of conscientiousness the true source of nearly all our political and social evils? and is it not time that some attempt should be made to arrest them?

A clerical friend of mine lately remarked, that he had frequently serious doubts whether he and his brethren of the ministry could be acting right in expending so much time and exertion, in the way of religious instruction, with such small results. But how can the trifling amount of these results be a matter of surprise, when it is recollected, that one of the most important means of spreading religion is entirely neglected? God has commanded us to "train up a child in the way he should go." Have we fulfilled that command? Are our children "trained in the way they should go?" What should we think of a farmer, who should sow his seeds upon hard, stony ground, without the slightest previous effort to soften and mellow it by plow or spade? Would it be rational to expect any return? And yet, is not this precisely the course we adopt respecting religious instruction? We take no pains to awaken and develop the consciences of our youth, and to excite them to action. They are never called on to look within, to judge between right and wrong. How can we wonder, then, that the seeds sown from the pulpit on this unprepared ground should fail to take root, and that, "when the sun was up," they should be "scorched, and wither away?" We do perform a part of our duty. We do provide religious instruction for the people. But we neglect an equally essential part, for the want of which what we do perform is rendered almost null, and of no effect. And yet we cannot waste our hands, and say, "We are innocent of the blood of this people." We exclaim against the hardness of men's hearts, and complain of the inefficiency of the preached gospel.

Let not any thing that is here said, however, be distorted so as to appear like advocating the teaching of religious tenets in schools. In the present state of society, divided as we are, and as we are likely to remain, into such a variety of sects, the scheme would be a failure—perhaps deservedly so. But, because the great variety of religious faiths, and modes of worship, and the danger of conveying the school into an engine of religious proselytism, absolutely forbid the teaching of religious doctrines there, does it follow that every species of moral training must be excluded? Does not this circumstance rather enhance the necessity of a peculiar attention to that part of moral instruction, to which no such objection can apply? Is there not an extensive field, which may be regarded as common ground, in respect to which every portion of society is perfectly agreed? Is there any parent, who does not desire his child to be trained to the practice of virtue, and to the avoidance of every vicious habit? that he should be inspired with veneration, gratitude, and love to God? that he should be honest, faithful, humane, and gentle, obedient to his parents, true to his word? that he should possess moral courage and self-control; industry, perseverance, economy, and temperance; patience, fortitude, magnanimity, and cheerfulness? Surely not. On these, and such like points, we shall meet with perfect unanimity.

The series of reading books, of which the present forms a part, has been written principally with the view of introducing into our schools an easy method of awakening and developing the conscience, and keeping it in continual action. This is not attempted to be done, however, by moral lectures, or sage apophthegms. These will rarely have any effect upon early youth, save the pernicious one of producing a dreamy wandering of mind, of the most fatal tendency both to intellectual and moral culture. But the plan is, to excite the conscience to judge and act for itself, and to strengthen it by continual use, by means of a series of questions, arising naturally from the subjects read, and suited to the capacity of even infant minds.

Nor will the effects of this moral training be exclusively confined to the culture of the heart. It is believed, that a glance at these questions will show, that they will afford an important aid in unfolding all the mental faculties; that observation, comparison, reflection, abstraction, judgment, reason, imagination, and taste will be improved and strengthened by the simple exercises connected with the reading lessons. Thus, the understanding and the affections will alike be cultivated, and some approaches made towards the development of the whole man, in his habits of thought, feeling, and action; and we shall no longer see so many of those mental distortions produced by the excessive culture of the memory, while every other faculty is left almost totally dormant.

Mr. Attorney-General Austin said publicly, that his professional experience convinced him, "that crime had increased with the increase of intellectual education. There is less violence; there is more craft, subtlety, and cunning. A mayor of this city [Boston] said with truth, 'that the march of mind alone was the rogues' march.'"

**PALMER'S MORAL INSTRUCTOR.—The Moral Instructor; or Culture of the Heart, Affections, and Intellect, while Learning to Read. PART IV.**

The victory is most sure, to him who strives To yield entire submission to the law Of conscience; conscience reverence'd and obey'd, As God's most intimate presence in the soul, And his most perfect image in the world. WORDSWORTH.

By Thomas H. Palmer, Author of the Prize Essay on Education, Entitled "The Teacher's Manual."

The YANKEE BOY; or Incidents in the Life of Frank Reed. PART I.

But, slighted as it is, and by the great Abandon'd, the country wins me still. I never fram'd a wish, or form'd a plan, But there I laid the scene. My very dreams were rural. COWPER.

### PREFACE.

In the present volume of the "Moral Instructor," I have ventured to leave the common track of reading books for schools, and to present a continued narrative in place of a collection of unconnected fragments. The hero of the story is a "Yankee Boy," born and bred on a farm, among the romantic mountains of New England. His sports, his early studies, his rural occupations, form the topics of the first part of the volume, and the remainder is occupied with a narrative of a journey with his father and sister, in the course of which they visit some of the most interesting portions of the United States.

This plan, it will be perceived, combines the advantages of a book of travels with that of an interesting story; and it is to be hoped, that the description of New England scenery and New England manners will be found quite as interesting and useful to American youth, as extracts from European writers. At all events, the picture of these home scenes will avoid that tendency to awaken the feelings of caste, which deform descriptions of society in the old world, and which are so inconsistent with the perfect freedom and equality of our institutions and manners, especially in the country.

But the main object in this, as well as in the other Parts of the "Instructor," is to awaken & develop the conscience in early youth, and to cause it habitually to act almost with the ease and rapidity of instinct; to accustom the child, of his own accord, to deduce a valuable moral lesson from every scene and from every occurrence; and to lead him to look deeper into Nature than the mere surface, by habituating him to see it in a spiritual as well as a physical point of view; to acquire a taste for beauty, and to see impressed on every object around him the power and goodness of the Deity, in characters too evident to be mistaken; to cultivate an abiding sense of the Omnipresence of God, and to impress its importance on the child, by frequent appeals to him whether he could possibly fail to act right under its guidance.

Another object, although a subordinate one to that of moral training, is that of rendering labor honorable and attractive, by exhibiting the laborer, as he frequently appears in the interior of New England, combining genuine politeness, (not only of the heart, but of the outward manner,) intelligence, and moral worth, with unweary industry and economy. The cultivation of a taste for rural occupations and rural pleasures also has not been lost sight of. The example of Frank and his associates, it is believed, will have a tendency to do away the strong bias which exists among our youth to despise the pursuits of their fathers, to desert the country, and crowd into the cities.

Throughout the whole of this series of books, dealing out what is called poetical justice to the different characters has been studiously avoided, under the conviction that it is not accordant with Truth and Nature; that the rewards of virtue, even in this life, are of a higher order than mere outward circumstances. The object has been to show that happiness does not consist in external things, and to appeal to the pupil as to his own consciousness of "the soul's calm sunshine, the heart's joy" attendant on virtue, and the shame and remorseful feelings which cling so closely to vice.

Should this sketch of the "Yankee Boy" meet with approbation, the subject will be continued, by exhibiting Frank supporting himself and passing through a collegiate course, and gradually rising to independence, without other aid than his own industry.

**MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.**—Persevere against discouragement. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand.—Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity, without the appearance of pride; manner is something with every body, and every thing with some. Be guarded in discourse—attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask.—Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance; and in all your transactions remember the final account.

The transparent wings of a certain insect are so attenuated in their structure, that 50,000 of them placed over each other, would not form a pile a quarter of an inch in height.

From the Portsmouth Journal.  
**CONCLUSIVE REASONING.**  
DON'T SMILE!

In the Boston Daily Courier, about a fortnight since, we noticed an article over the signature of P., who, as a christian, upheld war to be right, giving the reasons for his opinion. We extract below some of these reasons, placing the writer's own language in quotation marks.

1st. "God has implanted in the breast of every animal an instinct for war, either aggressive or defensive. The feeblest animals under certain circumstances will resist and fight," &c. Therefore man, with reasons to control his instincts, and revelation to enlighten his reason should fight; for instinct is to govern both reason and revelation! We would like to ask the writer if, in his own experience, he has never found instinct rather a treacherous guide?

2d. "Because there is good even in aggressive war; and of course christians should have this good!"

3d. "Does not a parent love his child when he punishes him?" Of course then there should be an army and navy to kill those we love!

4th. "The surgeon perpetrates a great evil when he cuts off a leg or an arm, but it is better to lose a limb than life itself." The surgeon therefore who operates for the good of the patient, is an example to the soldier who cuts and mutilates and kills his enemies for his own good.

5th. "Because 'it is the will of God that we prevent a greater evil by a lesser evil when the greater evil cannot be otherwise prevented.'" That is, the greater evil is that which is done to us, the lesser evil that which is done to others; of course we should kill the enemies we love to save our own lives. The "overcoming evil with good," is done away with—or rather each christian is to decide whether it is best to overcome evil with evil or with good.

6th. "Because 'sleep, in and by itself, is an evil,' therefore should we fight; because 'there is no rose without a thorn' and no cat without claws, therefore should every man have a sword."

7th. "Because war is better than slavery, therefore should the Southern slave rise up against his master and free himself by blood. Those who are a little 'abolitionist' hold that slavery will not justify the cutting of the master's throat!"

8th. "Because unless we do fight, no one will know that we can fight."

9th. "Because peace men have all the advantages of others' fighting, therefore should they fight for others' good."

10. "Because 'our Savior at first contemplated resistance and self-defense by the sword; but he soon after relinquished that design on account, probably, of its impracticability.'"—Written A. D. 1842!

11th. "Because sensuality, and wretchedness, and war have prevailed in the world since the advent of our Savior, therefore 'as Christianity has failed' to suppress these sins, 'after an experiment of 1800 years,' it can not be supposed that the gospel is opposed to sensuality, wickedness and war! P's remark refers to war alone—we added other crimes to test the reasoning."

12th. "Because, as the instructions of our Savior (Sermon on the Mount) were given to his disciples, these instructions do not bind us, who are not disciples of the Savior!"

13th. "Because, 'if every person were to live, and act and feel strictly according to the precepts and spirit of Christianity,' then, even then, they might continue to fight for 'honorable differences of opinion.'" P. said this!

14th. "Because 'such persons,' referring to real Christians, 'regenerated and renewed in heart by the Holy Spirit,' 'ARE THE COMBUSTIBLES WHICH EXKINDLE WAR.' There is no mistake; it is so printed."

15th. "Because the Rev. Mr. Judd preached a sermon against all war! and is a Tory!"

16th. "The last and best reason of all, because 'without compunction we eat of the flesh of the ox, or the calf, or the lamb,' innocent creatures; therefore, should we kill [and eat?] our enemies! This is rich. ELLIOTT."

**THE RUSSIAN CLERGY.**—The Russians themselves allow that their clergy are deplorably ignorant; and in many cases coarse and vicious. This is pretty well borne out by the fact, that they are never admitted into society, unless their presence is requested, at some religious ceremony or festival. The anecdote related to Mr. Venables, by a Russian gentleman, will give a good idea of the degradation to which they reduce themselves.—"Passing one day," says that gentleman, "near a large group of peasants, who were assembled in the middle of a village, I asked them what was going forward.—'We are only putting the father (as they called the priest) into the cellar,' I replied, 'what are you doing that for?' 'O,' said they, 'he is a sad drunkard, and has been in a state of intoxication all the week; so we always take care every Saturday night to place him in a safe place that he may be able to officiate at the church the next day, and on Monday he is at liberty to begin to drink again.'" "I could not help applauding," says Mr. V., "this very sensible argument, which was related to me with all the gravity in the world." Such conduct in the eyes of a Russian gentleman is only a failing! [Notes of a Half-penny in search of Health.]

### KEEPING THE HEART.

There is no royal road to subdue the heart; here, as in every other duty, we must walk in "the narrow way" of self-denial, holy resolution, vigilant watchfulness and earnest prayer. We may, however, find great advantage in studying those passages of Scripture which most emphatically declare God's right to the first place in the heart of man, and man's incalculable and innumerable obligations to surrender it. We should moreover, contrast in every possible way, the rival claimants for our supreme love, the creature and Christ; the broken reed and the sure foundation; the empty cistern, and the ever-springing well; the deceived and the deceiver, and Him who is the truth and the life—Him who is faithful and everlasting—Him who is ever-present—Him who has all power—Him who gave his life to prove his love, and now lives to render that love efficacious! These are the contemplations wherewith to fetch a vain heart back from its wanderings; these are the cords that must bind the sacrifice to the altar, so strongly that it shall not dare, so sweetly that it shall not desire to move. O false human heart! yielding as water to the world, insensible as adamant to the voice of God! frail as a bubble, wandering as a silly bird! O seductive, treacherous world! where the loveliest flower unfolds a canker-worm, the sweetest feelings grow surrounded by thorns, and the best blessings either induce sin, or conceal a snare! O glorious state, and coming time! wherein all evil shall be done away, and all good perfected; where the intensity of human emotion shall no longer interfere with the bright serenity of holy love, but both be conjoined in one inexplicable bond, where myriads shall be loved, as now we love our friends; and friends be loved, as now we ought to love our God; and God be loved and admired, worshipped, understood, and delighted in, with a reverence and a rapture, an affinity and a comprehension, with human sentiment purified, and divine capacity superadded, more than ever saints conceived, more than ever angels knew.—Miss JEWELL.

We should ever carefully avoid putting our interest in competition with our duty.

**CHRIST'S MYSTICAL BODY.**—The Southern Christian Repository in laying down certain "facts," "which are supposed to be indisputable," states as the first:

"Baptism is the act by which the disciple becomes a member of Christ's mystical body, or the Church general. Of course every person who is validly baptized is a member of the said general Church, whether subsequently associated in particular Church membership or not."

We always supposed Christ's mystical body "to comprehend all and only his redeemed, whether baptized or not, and that regeneration, and not baptism, distinguished them from the children of this world. We cannot conceive that a hypocrite, although, 'validly baptized,' is a member of Christ's mystic body."

The drunkard's self-despair arises in a great measure, from the conviction that he is an outcast from the public respect and sympathy. Of this we ought to be aware in our attempts to reclaim him; and to seek to convince him, that, as to ourselves at least, this conviction shall henceforth be groundless. Great pains should be taken to persuade him that we are his friends, and that every improvement in his habits, however slight, will proportionably and promptly elevate him in our esteem. We should also cheerfully consent to practice every self-denial by which we can gain his confidence; for in no way can men's hearts be so surely won, as by submitting to obvious self-denial for their sake.

From the Temperance Almanac, for 1843.

**WILLIAM CARLETON;**  
OR, THE REFORMED DRUNKARD.  
By P. W. Leland.

Truth is stranger than fiction. In the bosom of private life, in the lone retreats of the domestic world, far behind and beyond the conventional forms of society, there exists an empire of thought, and of action, the history of which is, and forever will remain, unwritten. In the palace, in the cottage; in town, and in the country; everywhere, even in the forest and on the ocean, not a title of all that pertains to humanity ever falls under the eye of the great, living, knowing multitude. Devotion has its secret altar, and villainy its unknown retreat. Every human habitation, whether hall or hovel, is a world in miniature; and every heart the depository of some secret which dies, or goes into eternity with its possessor. Far below the surface of public observation, down among the retreats of poverty and crime, how little of the concomitant misery is ever known even to the most devoted philanthropist! How few have any conception of the struggles of humanity in its journey from the cradle to the grave!

Were all this misery incident to our condition—were it unavoidable from the constitution of our natures, then indeed, might we bow in humble submission to a destiny, fixed above and beyond our control. But so it is not. Much the larger portion of all human suffering is the result either of folly, ignorance or crime. Some law of our moral or physical being is violated, and sooner or later we reap the fruits thereof, not as a punishment, but as a consequence of such violation. In

proof of this, I might enter the open field of humanity and select not a few striking illustrations from such of the sources indicated above. For the present, however, I shall confine myself to a single relation.

In the spring of 1820, there came to the village of M., in the State of Mass., a man whom I shall designate as William Carleton. He was just at his majority, and had fixed on M. as an eligible place for prosecuting the business of his calling—that of a house carpenter.

He was a noble looking man, and something above the medium height, stout built, and possessing a countenance, such as a sculptor would not disdain to look upon. His education was much above the common standard, and his manners those of a well-bred man. In his intercourse with others there was an open, hearty frankness, which made him no less accessible to all with whom he came in contact. Carleton was, besides, an excellent mechanic; thoroughly versed in all the mysteries of his calling, and endowed with a power of despatch never before witnessed among the people of his adopted village. If he laid by less of his earnings than others in a similar walk of life; if the fruits of his labors were not always cared for, it was because he was more generous, or less penurious than others—it was because he sought money rather as a means than as an end. Still, Carleton was a thriving man, and the resources of future usefulness and support gradually accumulated on his hands.

Three years later than the date here given, I attended Carleton's wedding. He had engaged the affections of Caroline S., the daughter, and only child of a respectable widowed lady of M. A finer looking, happy pair, I never saw before the hymenal altar. The bride scarcely 19, tastefully, yet not gaudily dressed, modest yet not bashful, entered with a light, yet imposing step, gracefully hanging upon the arm of the stately young carpenter. There was health in her finely developed form, and there was gladness in her rich blue eyes. The happiness of the present, the pleasing anticipations of the future, beamed brightly in her countenance, and revealed the workings of a heart full of hope and devotion.

Carleton was not less an object of admiration. His open, manly brow, loaded with rich curls of dark hair; his full, mellow eyes and elegantly turned mouth, stamped him at once as a faultless specimen of humanity, created in the image of his Maker.

Two years later, and I was a guest at the house of Carleton. Caroline had become a mother—the mother of a beautiful boy. She was the picture of contentment. Her maiden smile still sat on her lips—her bright blue eyes had grown yet brighter still, and her step was light and buoyant as on the day of her wedding. Carleton was all life, health and activity. Happy in the bosom of his little family, respected by all, and full of hope, he gave a new impulse to all around him. His clear head made him a safe counsellor, and his ready wit, a brilliant companion. In a word, he had become the master-spirit of M.

Five years rolled away, and I had not seen Carleton. In 1830, accident once more threw me into the village of M. I there met Carleton, and a warm and hearty meeting it was; yet he was not precisely the man I had parted with five years before. He was, I thought, less self-possessed, less energetic, and less guarded in his conversation. His humor seemed coarser, and in his manner there was a sort of dashing lightness, not exactly in keeping with his former character. His eyes, too, I thought, had lost something of their wonted brilliancy, and the color in his face appeared deeper than at our last interview. Yet so many years had elapsed since our meeting, changes were to be expected, and besides, there was so much of the frank William Carleton still left, that my observations at the moment, resulted in no unwelcome suspicions. In the course of our short interview, old recollections were revived, old scenes rehearsed, and new subjects introduced. Carleton was so brilliant, so happy, and so much like his former self, that at the end of an hour I had quite forgotten the embryo expressions excited at the moment of greeting.

In the evening I was at his house. If my attention had been arrested, on meeting Carleton, by some undefinable alteration in his appearance, it was doubly so when Caroline or Mrs. Carleton made her appearance in the sitting room. She was cheerful, but her cheerfulness seemed rather forced than spontaneous. Her brow was slightly clouded, and her beautiful blue eyes appeared more fixed and cast down than formerly. She affected to be gay, but evidently it required an effort to be so. There was, too, an appearance of marked submission, mingled with fear in her manner altogether unlike her wonted, hearty ebullitions of feeling. I thought I could perceive, also, that when her eyes met those of Carleton there was an appearance of something like shrieking, or restraint, as there were certain bounds beyond which she dare not pass. All certainly was not right. I noticed again the unnatural flush on Carleton's face. It was now more apparent than at our meeting in the morning. A sudden conviction of the truth flashed across my mind. I did not embody the idea; I gave it no language, but there it was enthroned like a demon, and as ineffaceable as the impress of eternal truth—CARLETON WAS A DRUNKARD!